

# Henry Blyde's CONTRACT,

In the Carse of Gowrie.

CONTAINING, &  
An Account of the Way and Man-  
ner of his Wooing his Lass, in a  
fine and elegant Discourse to the  
Minister's Wife his M<sup>istress</sup>.



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# HENRT BEEDE's Contract.

**W**ELL Maistress, I come out o' Dundee : I could get nathing to gi'e the Horse Draff in but the Skull : Your Woman ay takes his Trough to keep her Sand in, for scouring her Fushicads i' the Bink. Well I wat he's a good Beast, God bless him that I dinna forspeak him, and as well forquainted wi' me, as if I had been seven Years in his Company. In troth Maistress, Fo'k had ay need to deflect fat they are doing ; for the Day as I'm comin alangs the Causey o' Dundee, the Laird's Brother that came here cried me up, and ga'e me a Bicker, and comin out I fell down the Stair, and maist brook my Neck, bat be a Province I saved the Barm. And you ken Maistress, fan I'm ridin down by the Pow, upon Maistress Fushicad, she and I crackin together, and I no mindin fat she's sayin tines my Pisle, and rides forderrt, till I'm about a Mile and a Bittockie fra't, and minds, says I, Gude Faith, Maistress, I've tint my Pisle, and maun ga'e back for't again. Out you're a Fool, cushie, let it gang there, it was nae meikle worth. Was nae meikle worth cotbie, Saul Maistress it was as gude a ane as ever was in a poor Beast, and I wadna geed for my halyears Fee yet ; Sae I ged my Ways back and gat it just far I tint it.

Now Maistress as you was sayin, I'll gi'e you a Prescriptification o' my Life. *First*, Fan I came to the Warld, as soon's I grew a Boy, my Father was dissolved to set me to the School, to learn to dispel, and a Chapman comin by, he bought me *the chief End of Man*, and a *Provostication* ; but I bein contraveenable ran awa' and ged to the West-mill, and helped the Miller : For he greed wi' the auld Lady to uphad a' the gain Gear, and she furnish'd him wi' a Woman, and gat the O'ercome to her sell : Sae  
this

this Way I misglekit a' my Learniment. Well, fan I was past a ha'flan' Lad, I began to think how I shou'd come thro' the Warld, an ye ken the best Way was to disjoin my self to a ha't Marrow, after the orderly Custom o' the Land, fan Lads and Lasses bein dissolv'd to marry, cothie, Lord grant Prosperity, Generation, Mortification and Divulsion to a' them that gangs that Gate, cothie: Now always Maistress, I'll tell you the Thing I'm ga'in to tell you. The Lass's Sister that married Fushicam's Good-father, that dwells down i' the Laird o' Things Land, began to look to me and I to her, after they had scorn'd us together, her Uncle, a very disponsible Woman, bids me meet her at the Kirk-yard of Fushicad upon Sunday. Well, a far aff as I came near Hand, I thought it was a Market, and putting in my Hand in my Fushicad for somethin to the Custom-wife, I mind it was Sunday, and that there was no Oufen, but Men and Women a' thro' ither: well I comes in by and sits down by the Tent-side amo' them, an puts on my Bonnet, as the rest did; sae by that Time, the lass that wou'd ha' been mine came in by, and as she was sittin down, I'll ne'er forget it, one o' the men wi' the black clocker necks contrarified out o' the beuk, *That if a man was ordain't for a Thing he wadna get win by it.* VVell, that ga'e me some heartin, sae we took a chappin o' ale at the tent-side, and cry'd in upo' John Fushicad, that was pishin at the east Gavel, (his brother's sister's married to my lord Kinghorn's hen-wife, I believe his Name is Lyon) and gae him a Part o't. Then I says cothie, sin there's but a Diffusion here we'll sit and tak out our Drink, and confer the Greement, till we meet at the bridal that's to be on Tysday cothie, sae here's e'en t' you lass; I thank you lad, tweell its onforsaid o' me, sae an you binno as onwillin to tak ae cothie, as I am to tak you, let's e'en mak an end o't on Tysday cothie: Conformably we  
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foregethers in the afternoon, fan lads had gotten in their stuff, and began to grow ramage wi' the soup drink, we devine'd upo' the matter, and consponded to be contrived. Well, I was to gi'e up our names to the kirk-sessions, and pay white silder to the box to keep me from gettin on upo' the stool of repentance for a Twalmouth to come; an' fornens that, I was to get thretty mark wi' her and a mare, and a' my fees were to be laid to that; if I died first, a' my things were to be hers, and if she died first, a' her things were to be mine; the bairns were to be divided amon' the first end o' the gear; the lads were to be elder than a' the lasses, but the lasses were to come before the lads in the testification, as *John Fallov* laid it down upo' writ.

Well twa or three days efterhend, she comes to me upo' a day fan I'm at the pleugh, and says, *Hendry* cushie, ye ken far we did at the kirk-yard, and the bridal, you're a gay conspectable wark lad, and I ha'e been tried at barns an byres, an can put my hand to a' thing, cushie, as well's my neibers: An sae I convolv'd that sin it was the way that ither folk did, an her kist was well made up wi' aff-sa'ins, I just arrests her to meet me at *Forgan* the morn; sae I ged my way hame, muisted my head, and made ready a clean o'erlay, my purlet handed sark, a staff and a blew bonnet o' my head, and raise as soon as the Cock gat upo' the kitchen, and came on the king's highway to *Forgan*, and be the sun was half an ell frae the list, I was at the orchyard, and sum meets I but my Lord i' the seeth. Hao, good day *Hendry* co, sae e'er you will my Lord cothie. Ha'e you gotten a wife yet *Hendry* co: Deil ane you gotten your sell yet my lord, cothie: Far makes you soon up, coth I: I've been takin in some meal *Hendry* co. Indeed my lord cothie, an you would list that hoise up to your ducat, it would cost you less travel: How wou'd you do that *Hendry* co? My lord cothie, gar *John Fushi-*



Fushicad your officer raise the ground, and send in  
silder for tows to the baillies o' Dundee, and shoot  
them in beneath the Foundation, and cut trees to let  
it o'er the brig; we'll carry it up in a forenoon, an  
mak it twa couple higher, an strike thro' a throwait  
an it were but to see a sick beast. He gat up wi' a  
gaff o' laughter, and says, Well controul'd Henry co.  
I'll gie you three dollars to grieve the wark. My  
lord cothie, I'll seek nathing but the clath that El-  
spet Fushicads your honour's widow's tenant's wife  
rests me, for the world's makin a turnament upo' her,  
and the corn no casting up good years, you've meddl'd  
wi' a' her gear, ilk a hilt and hair o'r corbie, sae it  
contains your honour to gi'e me satisfaction. Well  
Hendry co, there's my hand and a sixpence that I  
shall see you wrang'd. Well, God detain and discom-  
pose your honour cothie, sae I recovered my bonnet  
and disluted him, and comes to the house far the  
neibours wer sittin i' the fire, pervincin and perva-  
tin the defairs of the country, an fan they saw me,  
O welcome Hendry, here's to your health ay luck to  
the bargain : Drink its welcome cothie, in good faith  
I wisht well I wat, I thank you in conscience I wish  
we never want war, lat never sorrow ever gang so  
near your heart. Well Maistress I think she's a gay  
lass; an she binno war man nor her father, I'll be  
right well set on upo' her; well I wat she takes it  
well a kind, for her mother was as able a barn-man  
as ever held corn to the wind.

The house I was to tak, it ran just down by the  
water-side, it was a gay seat misdeemable house wi' a  
but and a ben and a fire-side, and a close that wou'd  
haden a swine, the Ha' stood just i' the mids o' the  
floor, and a sun came in at the west windock fan the  
lads got their dorder-meat, with a disproportionall yard,  
that wou'd ha'e sawn sax firlots o' bear. Just as we  
are pervincin and disclosin, up by comes Fushicam,  
that dwals down at the brig-end, and says, This man  
co,

co, maun pay co, for his house and yard co, twenty marks co. Saul, fir chamberlain cothie, an you winno tak twenty pund, keep them to yoursel cothie. Well Hendry co, lick my thing and lay it to yours, and sin it is sae, that it man be nae ither way nor it shoud be, and you're delittable, let's put black upo' white upon't. He taks out a lang thing that folk uses to do fan they gae about the ways o' the things; and scrapes upon paper a the dissolvemens and tenements o' the taffins, and bad me put to my name: Stir cothie, I'm nae beuk lear'd: Well then co, put to your hand to my fushicad before witnesses, and I'll describe for you.

The lass seein a' this, says, The first a bit-I'll tak him cothie, for he's a fool. I bein magvocat an correminous wi' the soup drink, an always being sirralent cothie, Saul cummer cothie, conscience cummer cothie, if I were as magstravigant and glastorious as other lads, I should ken whether you was man or lad, and mak you never work a turn after this deficient day; gae your gates in a vengeableness cothie, Sae maistress there was nae grayt skaith, for my master made her pay the half of the lawin, and said, Sin you winno intend the marriage he shanno be the cost, for sat ever has been between you, you've ay as meikle o' him as he has o' you. But she couldna thrive, for she got the laird wi' bairn, and died in the bearing o't. For women maistress are fair thing'd whiles fan they take it on; your awn woman disabus'd me the last year, because I woudna claw the cow, to gar her milk come down, and keep her frae flingin; they ca'd me frae heaven to hell. I was i' the meantime delvin the minister's bastards, and brui' my warkloom, an gaen to get a len of the beadels, hey ran before me and gar'd his wife cry, come in by Hendry, and get the fassion of the house. Sae rged in by, an thinkin she was gain to gie me cheese and bread, or something that woudna speak to me but she gave me

me such a hurl, I never gat the like o't, sin the day that Andrew Fushicam's daughter, a bangster quean, met me i' the dyke, and jam'd me, because me and my master James Galloway coast divous upon Sunday thro' ingrimance. I coudna displunge and sport as folk will do in their daffin, but flang her down, and misgrugl'd a, her apren by meer rackligence; she was sae angry that she rugg'd out a' my fushicad, an made me bald that I never been like other folk to this deficient day: Sae I maistress, never drew up wi' anither, till I was sent to my lord fushicad's house with apples beyond Aberdeen, far the bred water is, that you winno see a hill on the other side o't: Sae as I'm in the woman-house, ben comes our lady Anne, a bonny lassie wi' a black fushicad on her head, and her face fu o' black splatchers, and says, Hendry cushie, there's a groat tye an kiss that lais at the wheel; and as I was striving, we tumbled down between a kist and the wa', and gat nae scouth to win out for twa hours, but gin we had been as lang, I shou'd ha'e gotten a kiss whether she wou'd or no, but never left her till I gar'd her cry: and if I had staid there misdoubtens I might ha'e married her.

Now maistress I'm your man and the minister's, an if he desist frae putting me awa', I winno byde, for I cou'd live wi' you a' my days, he speaks so mony gude Words. He obstrukit me the last day that I wou'd rise again: and I said cothie stir, I's believe as other honest folks do, and indeed stir cothie, the beuk of Pogravy said just as you say, and the o'errurning o't was ay three things, for it tell'd that if a man lay down i' the gutter, an prayed to God to tak him out of the gutter; yet an he made nae maughts o' himsel, he would ly till he died, and God wou'd raise him up for a' that. If I were gude of the remembry Maistress, I might ha' learned a my Question out o' that beuk, and the o'errurning o't was ay three things. There war cats an pipers in't, and ships an  
 twine

swine, an horn'd beasts an women, an mony thing; but I'm a mind to learn yet: for tho' we be aulder the day than we was the morn: fo'k are only detakit about my age, just like Mr. Francis fusbicad, that same day that the headles wife and I laid upo' iither about the clavin the cow; and you ken Maistress you lent me the officer's wife, to harrow her wheat i' the Diver-lane a' afternoon: Sae as I was telling by comes his honour riding on a hawk and a horse on's arm, and thinkin I was as auld as the officer's wife says, Gude-day honest man, can you set me upo' a maukin hereabout: The deel a bit I'm an honest man cothie, an please your honour cothie, I'm but the minister's lad, and I'm labourin this honest woman's butt, her gude man's sae trachled wi' my lord's wark, that we maun put 'm alike w's neibers. Indeed lad co, the gentleles taks a hantle uphad Ay, ay stir cothie, bat an gentle fo'k were semple fo'k, an semple fo'k were gentle fo'k, semple fo'k wou'd be like gentle fo'k and gentle fo'k wou'd be like semple fo'k: wi' that up got a flock of fusbicads and he ged's wa's at the gallop.

I'll n' contain you ony langer Maistress, for I'm a mind to confer a wife gin the warld dinno mend, for we can get nathing but fat we buy, an deel hed we hae to buy it wi'ha'. I had anes an idle life, fan I was a malicious man, and shot our guns at the moon, to learn us to had aff the Whigs at Bothel-brig; we had nae wark than but lay down our things on the ground and come back and fore, yet gin ony mist to tak his neibers thing instead of his awn, he gat o'er the croon. Well Maistress this be your leave, an I wifs a' well, an very wise fo'k says, that be'd as't likes, an't be not the tae way it will be t'other, and that well ha'en king or queen, or some other thing, or else nathing at a', an then folk can-no be readily out a condition.

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